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CATTLE

(THE HUMAN SPECIES)

By ARCHIE BELL



VERDICT OF THE GLUTTONS OF WEALTH TO THE LABORER

BY PERMISSION OF W. R. HEARST.

CATTLE

(The Human Species.)

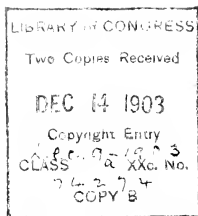


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The Wage-earners!

Ah, those poor, struggling ones, who mount the hill
of hope

And fall in mires of shame.

Those poor creatures born in misery and pain,

A sorrow to the birth-cot,

And a pang at earth's prosperity and joys.

The wage-earners!

How my heart goes out to reach them in their lowly
dens;

How I would gather them to a temple of repose,

That they might know once, before they die,

Rest—

The choicest jewel of the breast of this revolving
sphere.

NO REST FOR THEM.

But there is no rest for them.

In sadness and poverty conceived,

They leave the womb in veiled state.

The blood of hapless life has stained their snowy skins,

Ofttimes the soot of factories besmirches flushed
cheeks, before the world observes the crimson stain,

Before the lusty folk who pass in carriages

Behold them lying in the filth

Of crowded streets and thoroughfares.

THE POOR MOTHER.

Ah, the poor mother!
She who gazes on her first-born with maternal eyes,
Yet cannot say to him :
“God bless thee, son,
I suffered pain to give thee breath,
But one day thou shalt be
A joy to men and thus be recompense for childbirth
ills.”

THE SAD FATHER.

The father of a son !
How he stands by the bed and gazes at the child that
bears his flesh and blood.
“Another child of sorrow,”
Weeps the father, under breath.
“Today the clouds hang dense about our little cottage,
And the whistle of the mill calls me to go away and
leave you here to live.
Yes, they call it life—
This walk of misery and toil.
They call it life—
Ah, I must haste away.
The wheels are turning
And the surly voice of bosses will deride me that I
stood so long to see that breath remained to you,
And to the mother who now gives you birth.

The sun shines not for me or you,
My little son ;
There is no hope for such as we.
Ah, you are robust, and you have a playful smile.
Nestle closely to your mother, lad,
The day is near when you must battle forth
And meet the enemy,
As I have met him all my days.
The whistle blows ;
I go to work.
Farewell, dearest wife !
My heart reproaches me for leaving you in pain,
But I must go into the pit of toil.”

THE MOTHER SPEAKS.

“My darling boy,
How I have pictured thee in dreams,
How I have fancied thee by day,
And waking in the night, turned on my pillow that I
might but hope for thee.
When but a little maid,
I had my doll.
I loved her dearly and I vowed that when this day
arrived,
I would give thanks to God.
I took the petticoats from off my doll
And told her she must be a boy.

I called her Harry, Ned, and all the names of boys I
knew.

And then—it was the long ago—

I thought I was the mother of a son.

Now thou hast come,

My darling, little lad,

And I should raise my voice in prayer to God.

Ah, Heaven help me !

Have I lost faith in God?

Ah, angels,

Guardians of the door of everlasting joys,

Am I ungrateful for this hour?

I am a mother, now ;

My eyes are full of tears and something rends my
heart.

Through all the joys that I had fancied were to be,

Through roseate musings and through hope,

There is the surging question, fierce and long—

Why wast thou born?

Why did I give thee birth?

Was it to suffer wrongs from those who torment me?

Those idle parasites of greed,

The wealthy folk,

Who bask at ease before their hearth-fires wintertime,

And in the summer season go to mountain lakes and
spend their purses empty,

While your father toils and fills them up again with
gold and silver—
And with human blood?
Why wast thou born?
My little son, why wast thou born?
Yes, take thy nurse,
It is the milk of love,
Yet I could hate thee,
Knowing I have wronged thee,
In so giving thee thy life.
The sun has risen in the east,
And speaks a welcome to the free,
But we who live in chains,
We servants of the men of greed,
Receive no greetings from the sun.
Its only message to us is to rise and hasten to our toil.
We sweat and labor till the light
Has run his daily course,
And then we sink in weary sleep.
Ah! you are sleeping, little one?
Great God, it is my son,
My little son, for whom I prayed.
Sleep on, sweet child,
Thou knowest not what grief awaiteth thee in later
days of life.”

AT THE FACTORY.

Men in red, and men in blue shirts.
In their mouths are old pipes,
Cheap tobacco smokes from their nostrils
And the sweat streams over their brows.

“Damn you!”

Thus rings the voice of the man who wields the lash
of power.

They stop at windows to regain a breath of healthful
air.

The black smoke stifles them,
The fires consume them,
And they strangle in a hell-hole,
As if trump of doom had blown and they were called
to awful penance for a crime.

“Damn you!”

The voice rings from a desk, where sits two hours a
day

The bloated magnate,
Who requires all other men to labor ten.
His conscience pleads,—
God has not left men without a soul—
And to his conscience he says:

“They are but dogs,”

And conscience runs away!

The men toil on,
They know no better lot,

They fear the awful voice that has the power to take
The bread their children need.

THEIR COTTAGES.

They live in a dismal alley,
Where fever lurks and where the stench in summer
drives them to bed.

At night,
When the fogs settle down upon the river bed,
And when the odors rise from the canal,
They sit in their doorways,
And talk of their miserable lot.
Suffering is on every side,
No face bears a smile,
No lip bears a happy word—
Women lose heart,
They know there's nothing better ahead,
They allow filth to accumulate,
Neglect cooking, washing, ironing, and the thousand
little duties of the home.

Men return home at night,
After the hapless day,
And curse their wives for their neglect—
Then curse themselves.
Fathers and mothers see their children lank and lean,
White and pale with disease,
See in them the very image of despair.

The vision haunts them,
And they rise and go out of doors,
Into the foul air of the alley.

POOR MAN'S CLUB.

On the corner,
There is a poor man's club,
Where jolly fellows congregate.
They are not happy,
But the beer has made them laugh and sing coarse
songs.

The place is brightly glowing with electric bulbs,
Mirrors reflect the drunkard's faces,
As they sit about the table,
And with voices shrill,
Sing the merry lays of grog-shops—
To enrich the brewers' purse.
Enter a band of college lads,
Out on a spree.
It is sport for them, they say,
To visit grog cellars,
And "study life there found in varied hues."
"Curse them,
Damn the kid-gloves,"
Shrieks a drunken laborer.
"See that fellow—
The one that is leaning aside,

That—yes,
He is the son of the man who owns our mill.
Ours—did you hear me say it?
Ours, I meant,
It is ours,
For we men are its source of revenue.
The wheels might turn till doomsday,
And were it not for us,
That brat's father would be as poor as we.
But we toil away,
We suffer,
We endure it all,
And why?
That his son may revel here.
Down with the kid-gloved cad!
Out with him!
His daddy gives me a crust of bread,
And for every crumb I earn a meal,
And I hate him—and his son."

ALONG THE DOCKS.

Along the docks I went and watched the merchant
ships resting on the water's breast.
It seemed all calm and peaceful,
The waves swished along,
Tugs blew their whistles,
Then swept by majestically, piling the water in waves
of foam.

How wonderful, it seemed to me,
That men could harness steam,
Acquiring such Titanic force—
While off in the distance was the lake,
Languid, smooth and tranquil, as when 'twas first created by the Master hand.
Yet there were the same elements,
The silent forces of the great.
Here was a glory to the handiwork of God,
The product of his product—MAN.

MAN IS GREAT.

Man is great!
Greater far than I had before conceived.
I had seen him hitherto with reasoning powers,
I knew his power to cope with science and philosophy,
I knew his eloquence,
I knew his dignity, humanity, and charity,
I knew his verity and grace—
All these and other qualities of man I knew from youth,
But here,
Here on the docks,
I saw results.
It is result that proves the strength—
And here I saw displayed
Full powers masculine.

THE TUG-MAN.

See how the tugman stands at his wheel.
He steers the craft,
He signals to the engineman,
And fast or slow,
This way or that,
The sturdy tug-boat replies to each caprice his will may
 chance to have.

“Man is the master of it all,” I mused ;
But see the tugman—
Hard, red-faced and dirty,
Foul-mouthed, profane, and sore,
He knows no culture,
Cares not for social custom,
Boldly defies dictation,
And is contented to steer his craft !

LIKE BEES THEY CAME.

Like bees they came from the boat's hatchway,
Wheeling the ship's cargo.
She was laden with grain from the west,
The atmospheric west,
The west where God smiles on open fields.
There were Finns, Slavs, Swedes, Hungarians, Rus-
 sians, Africans,
And AMERICANS.

There beside the blacks,
Those remnants of savagery,
And beside the filth of European states,
Toiled my brothers.
They who were born beneath the flag
That men say stands for LIBERTY.
Liberty?
Ah, where are you?
In the mansion of the senator?
In the palace of the governor?
In the bishop's house?
In stately churches where the cross is a symbol of
 thyself?
Maybe thou art—
But not along the docks, where toil these slaves of day
 and night.

IN THE ALLEY.

In the alley there is a shack,
Where dwelt a man, his wife, and sweet children who
 had soft, yellow hair and light blue eyes.
They say "he started well in life."
By saying this, they mean he had a purse half-filled
 with wicked dollars.
These had come from unclean hands,
And the wicked money went for wickedness.
He fell, and with him dragged the woman whom he
 once had loved.

To them had been born a beautiful little group of
children.
And day by day he felt that they would be a ray of
sunshine to his clouded soul.
Once he was seized with old desires.
He left the humble roof about the sunset hour,
And sought a house of questionable fame.
Gay women greeted him.
One sang a vulgar song,
Another played a mandolin,
Another ran the keyboard and produced enchanting
airs.
Ah, it was the same meshwork into which he had fallen
too many times before,
But in that former day,
His eyes shone brighter,
His intellect was clearer,
And he was more of a man.
But he still had the air of being the sport,
And thus to lewdness more appealed.
In his pocket was the weekly stipend of his wage,
The coin which he had earned by suffering.
This was seen by eager women, who knew its sinful
worth.
The sinful creatures twined about his neck,
And he so stupefied by recollection of his former wantonness,

Submitted to the ordeal of their vice.
His money gone,
He drained a glass and started home to greet his sleep-
less wife.
With eyes aflame,
He laughed at her entreaties and her grief,
Repulsed caresses she advanced,
And fell alone upon his bed.
Sleep came over his eyes and he forgot the episode.
(They call them "episodes" among the folk of upper
crust.)
Soon came remorse and waked him from his drunken
sleep,
His senses rallied,
He saw it all,
The gilded room,
The glass, the desire, the perfume, and the song.
Resolved to live a better life,
He turned on his pillow
And sought to find repose.
Then suddenly a pang shot through his heart.
His wife was weeping,
She who staid at home and worked all the day,
She who kept the little household together,
She who combed the children's hair,
She who greeted him at the door at night,
She who handed him an apple as he left for work,

She, his wife,
The mother of his little flock,
Lay calmly weeping at his side.
He lisped: "Will you forgive me?"
Then shrinking at his hollow voice,
He saw his own baseness,
And realized that he was less than the beast of the
jungle, from whence such as he descend.
"Another time, dear one?" she asked.
"No,
Not again," he cried,
His manhood combining all its potencies to aim a blow.
"Just one, well aimed, will be enough."
Quick to his feet,
He seized a razor-blade
And slashed his throat.
The red blood gushed forth and soon he fell on the
floor,
A humble corpse.
He was but one of the millions who pass to the great
misty realm of the
Unknown, unseen, and unfelt.

HIS FUNERAL.

No flowers were there.
They placed his poor, cold clay
In a rough-hewn box,
And closed the lid at the close of day.
They drove out the light that had never reached to his
heart,
Drove out the sunbeams that chased care from the path
of others into his own,
Drove out the air of heaven, which he had never fully
breathed,
Drove out the warmth of the blue soft skies,
The autumn sunset,
The russet leaves,
The quaking aspens,
The asphodels,
The soft, white water-lily,
The bluebird's carol of spring,
The breath of the lilac bloom,
The zephyr of butterfly wings,
The soft ferns and moss,
The skip of the July lambs,
The April meadow-land,
The tossing pines of Michigan,
The palmettoes of Georgia,
The sand-coast of Florida,
The swamps where herons lurk,

The sweeping eagle,
The stupid turtle on the log,
The August sun,
The days of camping,
Athletics,
Boys' happy whistle,
Books, pictures, statues, parks, horses, carriages, dogs,
the gun, the rod
Golf, baseball and tennis,
Bicycle, automobile,
The din of city streets,
News-journals and magazines,
Theaters, music halls,
Teas, receptions, balls, luncheons,
Politics, commercial strife,
Yachting on the broad sea,
Canoeing on the shallow stream,
Wife, mother, children, father, brothers, sisters,
And home—
They placed his poor, cold clay in a rough-hewn box
And closed the lid at the close of day.
No flowers were there.

ON A LONELY HILL.

They bore his remains to a lonely hill,
Where the western sun smiles when it tips a cloud.
Around the grave stood his grief-stricken family.
The bells tolled not,
Papers did not comment,
Nothing was said of his exodus from earth.
A hired minister came to the hole in the ground,
And read a prayer.
There was a bleak November wind that caught his
words,
And if the Deity heard his voice and answered the
appeal to God to take the wretched man,
It was not the sincerity of the minister who read the
lines.
It was the pitying Providence,
It was the angels,
Who had not served him well on earth!
They perchance took him to the heavenly rest,
The sin-stained soul,
That had wandered about, stumbling over the obstacles
strewn in his path.

HE AND I.

I stood at the grave,
When the others had gone.
They left the cemetery and went back to the alley!
"Come back, brother!" I whispered,
"Come back,
I swear that I will give you aid.
I am not rich in earthly goods,
But I have a few dollars laid by,
They are righteous dollars,
That I earned by toil,
And they cannot do you ill.
Ah, come back to earth, brother;
We forgot you, and let you pass;
We knew you were struggling and miserable,
We knew you were weary of toil that was fruitless of
 recompense.
We knew you were sad,
But come back, my friend,
You shall better fare."
I leaned over the grave as the earth was being thrown
 on the box;
No answer came to my empty words.
Tears filled my eyes, and my heart swelled with re-
 morse.
I knew my brother's death was due to me, and the rest
 of you, who let him pass,

While we remained and lived.
I thought of that far-off day,
When I first saw him.
I wore kid gloves,
I carried a cane,
I smoked cigars of Havana brand,
And my shoes were bright with the brush-strokes from
the hands of a lad who knelt at my feet,
But in reality, whose shoes I was unworthy to shine.
I saw that far-away day,
As I stood by my brother's grave.
Oh, could he but live again,
I would show him a brother's love!
When I saw him first,
He was digging a pit on the roadway.
His face was black,
His hands were sore,
But he had the red blood of men!
He asked me for aid,
I gave him none.
He begged me for work,
I gave him none.
He asked me for pity,
I gave him none.
He told of his wife and family.
I told him to go away,
I had enough cares of my own.

I said to my brother—

This lifeless clay, now being fast covered from sight
of man.

They thought I was crazed that day,

The diggers who filled the grave;

They told me to seek repose;

They said I should go elsewhere and not think of the
subject that seemed to pain me.

But I lingered long,

And as evening came,

I thought I could hear his voice.

It was sadder than the voice of death,

It was sadder, too, than his manly voice of life.

It went deeper into my ears, and I still believe that he
spoke from the unseen land.

“I asked you for help,”

Said the voice to me—

“Too late, my brother;

I am suffering now as I suffered then,

But the hour is late,

Go, go, run away,

Do for others,

Seek them out in the alleys and highways,

Seek the poor brethren of sorrow who sink in the pit
of toil,

Seek them out,

Do something for them,

Lend a hand,
A word of encouragement,
A smile,
Ah, do for them what you might have done for me!"

COMING BACK.

Coming back, I passed through a poppy field,
And saw their bleeding petals sparkling with dew.
A shaft of light broke through a window-pane.
How like it all was the murdered woman,
Who lay in the cellar,
With diamonds and pearls sparkling in her ears.

SABBATH CAME.

Sabbath came and I went to the church.
I sat near the door
And watched the throng pass down the aisles.
Silks rustled,
Plumes waved,
And the vulgar folk took their seats near the minister.
The organ played,
The choir sang,
The man in the pulpit arose,
And from the Good Book read a Psalm of David.
This fell on deaf ears,
But when an anthem rang through the vaulted arches
of the church,

The people fell on their knees.
(There were velvet stools.)
Then the preacher took a text.
He told of the lowly Christ,
The humble, forgiving, loving Saviour of Nazareth,
The charitable prophet who was born in a stable,
The Redeemer of fallen men,
The warm-hearted brother of us all,
The man who was crucified!
The speaker had just returned from a trip to Palestine.
He said he had traveled the roads the Saviour trod;
He said he had been to Calvary;
To Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and Galilee,
He had followed the Carpenter's Son, from birth to
tomb—
And ah, what a tomb was there!
Around it watched the guards of thirsty nations who
were striving for their brother's blood.
He had plucked a twig from the tree in the garden
where Jesus wept.
He had brought water from the river in which Jesus
was baptized,
That the children of his parish might have the same
water on their heads,
Heads that were cursed by the sins of their parentage.
On his way to the Holy Land,
He said he had stopped in the Eternal City.

There he beheld priests, bishops, archbishops, cardinals,
And in that barbarous temple of marble,
Saint Peter's,
He had beheld the tombs of popes.
He regretted that the present pope was a prisoner be-
hind sealed walls,
And that the lofty personage so conceals his bachelor-
hood,
That he may not be gazed upon by the eyes of the
profane.
He heard the Sistine choir boys,
Saw the works of Michael Angelo,
Studied the product of Raphael,
And then on the Appian way went forth,
Because he knew that over the same road,
Unhappy, poverty-stricken, pious men had passed cen-
turies before him.
The people listened attentively,
For their own purses had paid for this remarkable
pilgrimage.
But they did not hear of the squalor of Rome
Of the wretchedness in Jerusalem;
They did not hear of the stench of the steerage in the
ship,
The oaths on the decks,
The gambling in the state-room,
And the adultery on the ocean transport.

They heard nothing of the money that is torn from the
ignorant
To support that Church of Rome.
They heard nothing of the curses that came from the
Savior's lips,
To such people as themselves—
The ones who sat in the church and listened to the pas-
tor tell of his voyage beyond the sea.
His words were honey,
They were fashioned to suit the ears that enjoy the
soft notes of hell.
There were no rebukes to the men
Who ruin lives.
There were no admonitions to the women who live as
harlots, though to the world they say:
"I belong to the church;
I am respectable."
There was no warning of the death,
No word of the last hour when each must make his
account with the God of men.
The choir sang another anthem,
The people thronged the aisles,
The preacher forced his way to the outer door.
He held their hands as they passed.
Some he squeezed
With the knowing touch;
Others got but the cold finger tip.

The pastor did not clasp my hand.
I had forsaken my Sunday clothes,
I had forgotten the gloves,
The cane, the silk hat,
All these I had left behind, and had put on
The clothes of my poor brother who lay in the grave.

AT THE HOSPITAL.

I went to the hospital.
I passed through the oaken doors
Into an office where a careless youth asked what I was
doing there.
I told him I had come to see those poor creatures who
were near the brink of death,
Those sad martyrs of the earth and heroes of the life
that earth affords.
The smile ran away from his lips,
And his eyes penetrated mine to find the truth of what
I said.
He hesitated a moment and then glanced over the pages
of the book before him.
"You are right," he said.
"There is no choice;
They are all martyrs of the earthly life."
"All?" I asked.
I could not believe that what he said was true, for
when I entered he had a smile playing about his
lips.

"All the charities," he added, sadly.

Then I knew he spoke the truth.

I knew that he had seen enough of them

To mass the charities in a class by themselves,

Far from those lazy, helpless men and women,

Who by their own greed had laid their bodies low,

And who were now in pain, though lying in tapestried
rooms, with nurses, servants, physicians, eager to
serve them—

For the recompense it gave.

"Come," said the youth,

And he took me by the arm,

As we started down the corridor.

THOSE WHITE VAULTS.

Ah, those white vaults of the hospital!

They are supported by the dollars that good men and
women are able to snatch from the vulgar herd
that plunges itself into silver filth and golden guilt,

Then seeking to recompense their wrongs, give a few
paltry coins to whitewash those tombs of the hos-
pital,

Where the living lie,

Awaiting death!

Groans, sighs, curses, prayers, blessings,

All were jumbled into an awful pottage,

Of which we ate at the hospital.
There were men with withered arms and limbs,
Men with brains reeling with unrest,
Women suffering from fever, cancer, tumor, diphtheria,
and pneumonia,
Children—bright-eyed boys and girls—
Smeared with scrofulous sores, eczema, broken legs,
bruises, scarred faces, bent joints, and dismem-
bered little bodies,
Humans of all classes,
Slowly sinking beneath the tightening grasp
Of the White Plague.
“Come, listen to me,”
Rang out one hollow voice, as we passed the door.
“Come, you have a friendly face,
You will not pass me by?
Listen—stop.
You are going out again into the free air,
You will linger but a moment here;
But I—I must stay until that day
When nurses gather round my cot
And call me dead.
Come, listen, friend.
Ah, you will let me call you friend?
There was a day when I had many friends,
But that was the long, long ago.
I had a mother then.

Poor darling,
She is in heaven now, and she beckons me to go to her.
Ah, mother died,
Then other friends were quick away;
They left me,
Left me here alone to die.
Ah, think of it,
Here alone to die.
Mother's hand was gentle on my boyish brow,
How it soothed away the pain—
Then mother died,—
And now the pains are throbbing—
There is no cure for me—
My mother is in heaven.”
We passed along to another, who was sleeping as we
approached his cot.
He awakened slowly as he heard our footsteps.
As he saw a strange face from the outside world,
His eyes flashed brightly,
A sad smile played about his mouth,
And his lips quivered.
“He cannot speak,”
Whispered the youth to me.
“Remorse has closed his lips forevermore.
I will tell you the story another time.
Sad, sad his experience,
All crushed hope,

Unattained ambitions,
Miserable defeats of purpose,
And at the end a crushing blow that robbed him of his
speech."

"Then he will never speak again to fellowmen?"

I asked.

"Never again," replied the youth.

"And it were better so.

His speech would be but the framing of envy and jealousy.

All about him had known at least occasional ways of sunshine,

The clouds had burst open through the mists of unhappiness and misunderstanding;

They had seen the rainbow of hope.

But he—

Ah, he had never seen the rainbow of hope,

He had never known the purple ray of the sunset's glow,

The orange and crimson lights of encouragement and sympathy,

The green and white beams of prosperity and purity
Had never met his gaze.

He was born to poverty,

He was born to disgrace;

Heredity laughed at him,

Ancestry brazenly defied him,

Posterity called from the future with a mocking voice.
All, all was against him at the outset—
Even before the beginning of his career on earth.”
The youth struggled to speak,
As he held out his hands.
Ah, what would he have said?
God forgive them?
God damn them!
Which?
I wondered then,
And I wonder still,
As I recall the serenity of his soulful face.

THE SICKLY BROOD.

Deaf, dumb, blind, lame,
They were all huddled into the four walls of the hospital—
Males and females,
It was all the same with them,
For God smiles not on one and frowns on the other;
His great Being permeates them all,
Lads and lassies alike,
Of whatever age,
And they lie suffering,
Or, perchance, by grace are able to bear the load of
suffering with a smile,
As did this example of patience whom we left on the
couch of death.

THEOSOPHIC THEORIES.

We went into a ward of the charities,
And there watched them,
The human cattle,
Herded together in the atmosphere of
Sulphur, morphine and opium.
“Think you there is truth in the sayings of theosophists?”
I queried of the clerk.
“Look at that poor woman,
Who has traveled over the road of four-score years.
Is there harbored in that withered frame
The spirit of some queen of Babylon?
The favorite of oriental revels of the other day?
Some Pompeiian belle, who bathed in the vapor pools
and then drove home in a chariot,
While slaves fanned her with the plumes of tropic
birds?
May that spirit be lodging in such wretched shape?
May it be crouching there,
Within the dry, hard skin of that weighed creature?
See how she stoops and sulks—”
“Yes, yes,” replied the youth with vehemence,
And almost interrupting me.
“That may be the secret of it all,
That may be the mystery,
The solution of this wretchedness.

It may be but penance for the evil of the long ago—
The great, forgotten past,
The past that is forgotten to earth,
But remembered by the clerks of Heaven,
Who keep the record,
And are anxious to balance the account with God."

THE OPEN SKY.

"Come, come away," said I;
"Come out under the open sky."
"Nay, I may not go—
See, my books and papers are piled high,"
Saith the youth.
"Books, papers, work?
Will you let them hold you, when you might breathe
the pure air of the open sky?"
The lad sank down at his desk.
Books, papers, pens, pencils, blotters,
All were about his hands,
All attracted his attention,
His energy, ambition, aspiration, and thought—
And he had forgotten my words,
What we had seen,—
And me.

HUMAN SLAVE.

Ah, human slave!

I mused as I left the hospital,
Toil on, if you will;
Work, sleep, eat, drink, talk, walk, smile, weep, com-
mand, obey, lift, perspire, sigh, laugh, groan, dress,
go, come, bless, curse, caress, smite, kiss, abhor,
entice, seduce, procure and destroy—
It will be the same with you
As it is with them.
Human slave,
Are you not a slave because you court slavery?
Because you do not break the fetters that may be
strained by human energy?
Or does the millstone hang about your neck?
Are you drowned in the depths of misfortune, 'ere you
catch a glimpse of what might be?
Are you clutching at a rock,
Like the stupid oyster,
While you might be basking in the shoals of Florida
reefs?
Human slave,
I may not answer for you,
But for me—
Henceforth I go a free man.
I have new forces in me,
Since I came from the hospital,
New nerves thrill me—
I shall accomplish much,

For I have seen the misery that comes from
Self-contentment and sacrifice.

DISCONTENT.

I am discontented,
I am angry with the world.
Thoughts of socialism long ago attracted me,
And now my heart thrills with
Anarchism and riot.
If I had the red flag
Of the Brotherhood of Man,
I would flaunt it wildly,
And run from house to house
With the brand of fire.
I would destroy houses of luxury,
Clubs, theaters, depots,
And the places of commerce where fortunes are made—
They all traffic in men's souls.
I would throw a bomb that would wreck them all,
For I am dissatisfied with earth.

PROHIBITION.

Good men, wise men,
They would rise up and tell me I had not the right,
They would tell me that my desire for liberty
Would despoil the foundations for that fair structure
laid centuries ago.

Bah, for them!

They have not seen what I have seen.

They have not heard.

They have not felt.

They have not loved.

They have not feared.

They have not suffered.

They have not aspired.

They have not dreamed.

They have not hoped.

Hope?

Ah, how I have grasped hope from the bridle of despair,

How I have attempted to bring it to me,

How I have fainted by the way,

When I saw my own helplessness,

And when I saw my poor brothers

Sinking beneath their loads.

THEY CALL IT LIBERTY.

Liberty?

There is no liberty.

Republics, monarchies, empires, kingdoms, governments limited and governments absolute,

They grant no liberty.

They may not give me air—

God gave me that.

They may not give me food, shelter, health and drink—
God gave me them.
They offer me no happiness ;
God placed me here to make that for myself and they
must not impede my progress.
If they stand in my way,
I call, call upon God.
He will not send his legions on white, foaming steeds
to conquer my battles for me ;
He will not command Gabriel to summon from their
graves the sleeping
Who have lived and have not seen ;
He will not cause the moon to stand still,
Nor the sun to halt in its course,
Nor stars to lose their brilliancy,
Nor winter to come in summer,
Nor old age to precede youth—
Ah, none of these !
But he will strengthen my right arm,
That I may go out and battle
For myself and for my brethren.

MILITAIRE.

I must first knock out the foundations of what men
 call liberty,
I must go with a bomb filled with the human blood of
 slaves.
I must throw a rain of fire into the camp of freedom,
I must send rockets charged with evidence of what I
 have seen,
I must have guards,
To whom I have given my message,
Awaiting the signals from the mountain tops,
And while they lie in the valleys of despair,
With the creatures whom I would save,
They will tell their brothers to cease work,
Tell them to quit the unpaid conflict for existence,
Tell them to lay by their filth,
Awaiting from the lofty peaks of liberty
The flame that announces the dawning of a new era.
I must gather the poor slaves of toil into an army
To move on the gluttons and prostitutes of wealth!
From the lowly we shall select our leader,
We shall call him from the ranks of the care-driven
Throng that sulks away in dark alleys.
It will be an honor to him,
From his fellow men,
And it will not be an empty office,
It will not be a visionary post,

It will not be a sinecure,
It will not be an honor sought,
It will not be a victory gained.
Politics and religion will not enter into it,
Wit, eloquence, stature, beauty, wisdom, craftiness,
They will not control our choice.
He whom we select
Will be greater than any king,
Greater than the Czar,
Greater than the Shah,
Greater than the Mikado,
Greater than any emperor,
Greater far than the chief of any nation, province, city
or community,
Greater than the Pope of Rome.
The man in the Vatican will bow to him
In the centuries that are to come.
The monument of our leader
Will stand in the civilized spots of two hemispheres.
When he is chosen—
All men will be civilized.
Then they will pay honor to the workingman.
Then they will call us of the present by our proper
name,
We are barbarians—
Because we hold him in contempt.
They will scoff at our boasted wealth,

They will call us fools, knaves and idiots,
Insane creatures, who flutter about for a day,
Not knowing and not caring which way blows the
wind,
And caring little whether it blows well or ill
To others than ourselves.

PUBLICITY.

I must tell what I have seen,
I must have attention for my cause.
I must win editors.
They will not come willingly,
But they must come,
The human slave needs them—
The world,
The waiting world,
The unborn world,
The world of tomorrow,
The world of the next century,
The world of all coming centuries—
Needs the help of the editors of today.

NEWSPAPERMEN.

Ho, editors !
You must listen to the cry of widows and orphans,
You must hear the groan of the man of toil,
You must quit your easy chairs,

Throw away the tobacco pipe for today,
Put on your coats,
And go with me,
Down into the abyss of toil.
You must not go with malice in your hearts and minds.
You must forget the atmosphere of the office,
You must clear your vision of sensation,
Forget literary style,
Forget rhetoric,
Forget headlines,
Forget type of all size and shapes,
Forget the rush of edition hours,
Forget the printer's call for copy,
Forget the waiting presses—
And go with me.
I will show you the misery of children,
I will show you the wretchedness of wives,
The despair of husbands.
After you have seen, you will rush back to your desks,
eager to write the story of what you have seen.
Your pencils will glide rapidly,
You will make hundreds of pages of copy,
You will then write of what you know.
You will draw a word picture,
That if painted by the brush would be condemned
By artists,
Because it would be painted all in red,

It would be as a canvas dipped in the
Slaughter trough.
You will tell tales that are true,
Hundreds, thousands of them.
It will inflame readers' eyes with tears
When they read these documents.
The truth will thus go deep to the hearts
For the first time.

THE SELF-GLORIOUS.

Men seeking applause have told part of the truth,
But it displeases mankind to hear the whole sad truth.
So there the speakers of the past hesitate.
But when editors have seen and heard,
They will tell it all.
It is their mission.
They should not only give truth—
But the whole truth.
And in this they must not hesitate.
They will not hesitate.
Having their eyes open to the truth
They will write on and on,
Far into the night.
When morning dawns
They will still be at their desks,
Reviewing the awful tale of misery.
Then the presses will start.

It will be the greatest edition ever printed.
Millions of copies will circulate about the streets of
the earth.
Those poor little creatures called news-boys,
Will have the honor to start the cry of the sale.
Having read the truth,
Men, great strong men,
Will stop their occupations and rush to the newspaper
offices,
Begging to be allowed to spread the sale.
Thinking men will buy cart-loads
And order them distributed among all who refuse to
buy.
It will be the great morning edition,
For it will mark the dawn of the new day!
At nightfall of the first day
It will have reached the remote quarters of the globe.
Cables, inland telegraphs and telephones will be
brought into the work,
All the world will hear,
All the world will think,
All the world will awaken,
All the world will pray,
All the world will be forgiven,
All the world will knock down the stone barriers of the
selfish heart,
Allowing the flood of sympathy to flow in.

Then all the world will rejoice.
Kings will totter from their thrones,
And as by the magic wand,
Our candidate for supremacy,
The slave of toil,
The laborer of today—
The black-faced, sweating, swarthy son of endeavor,
Will mount the pedestal of power—
Lifting the scepter
And announcing to the world that a
New Dynasty Rules The Earth.

BUT TILL THAT DAY.

But till that day—
Dear brother of the plow, lathe, wheel, pick, rod,
And all of you who earn your bread by honest toil—
What shall we be about till then?
Shall we be silent?
Shall we stand like lambs
While the butchers of greed send us to their slaughter-
houses and place us in the pens with the other
Cattle, awaiting our turn at the knife?
Shall we be deaf?
Shall we be patient and wait?
Or—
Shall we strike?
Shall we resist?

Shall we aim a terrific blow that will shatter present
systems and inaugurate our own?

CATTLE.

The wage-earners !

Ah, those poor, struggling ones, who mount the hill
of hope

And fall in mires of shame !

Ah, that they might, once before they die,

Know Rest,

The choicest jewel of the breast of this revolving
sphere !

Cattle?

Oh, Lord, Thou knowest who the cattle are !

They do not dwell in the hovels of poverty and filth,

They do not toil in the factories from morn till eve,

They do not lie awake at night wondering what of
grief awaits them on the morrow—

Nay,

They are in the palaces of the rich,

Those stables of vice and luxury where rest the gouty
bloats of gilded success,

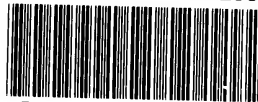
There the Cattle are !

There dwell the Cattle of the bestial blood,

They, whose pedigree is registered on every act they
do.

Oh, Lord, there the Cattle are !

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